



and

in this  
issue:

NO. 3

"THE DEVIL MACHINE"

10¢



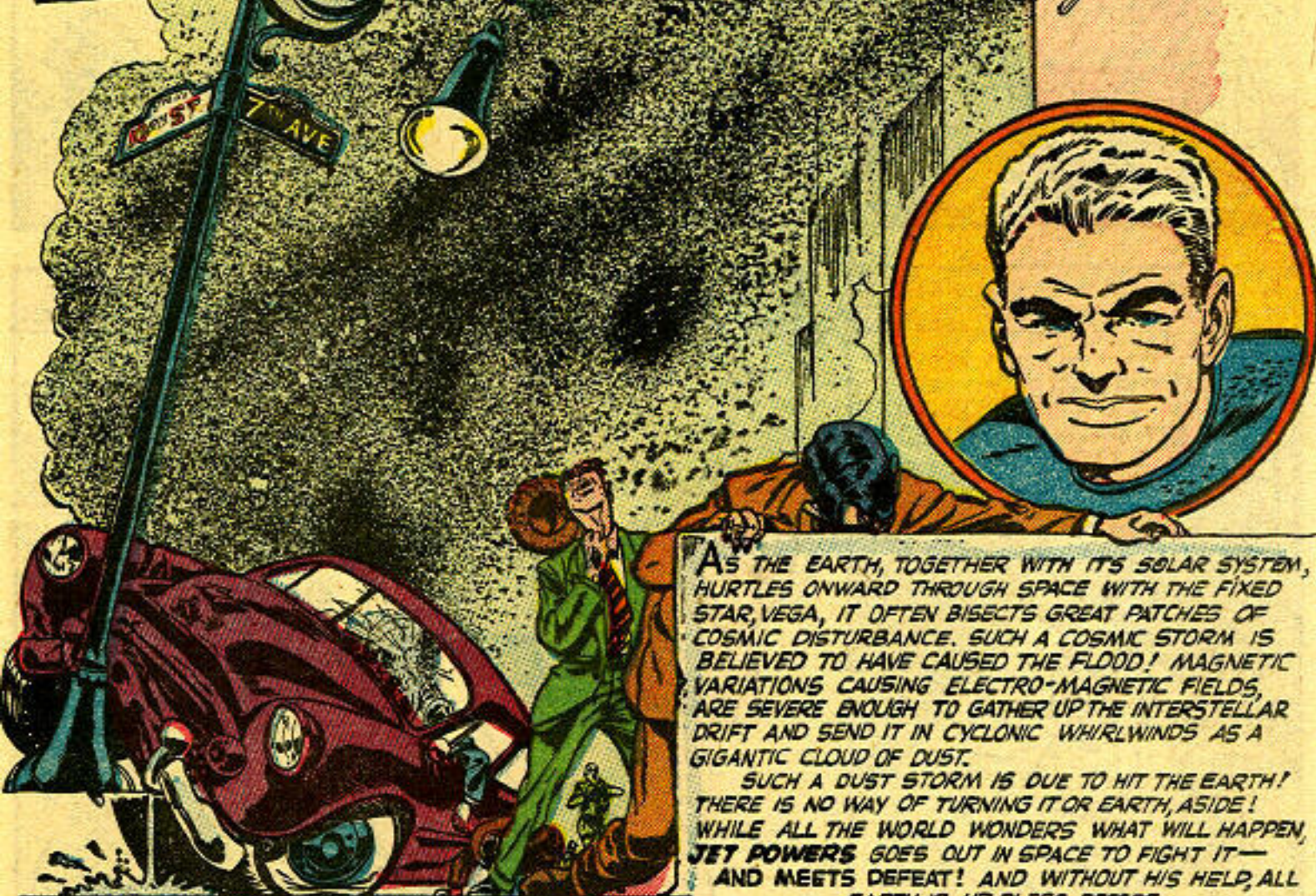




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Jet Powers



AS THE EARTH, TOGETHER WITH ITS SOLAR SYSTEM, HURTTLES ONWARD THROUGH SPACE WITH THE FIXED STAR, VEGA, IT OFTEN BISECTS GREAT PATCHES OF COSMIC DISTURBANCE. SUCH A COSMIC STORM IS BELIEVED TO HAVE CAUSED THE FLOOD! MAGNETIC VARIATIONS CAUSING ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS, ARE SEVERE ENOUGH TO GATHER UP THE INTERSTELLAR DRIFT AND SEND IT IN CYCLONIC WHIRLWINDS AS A GIGANTIC CLOUD OF DUST.

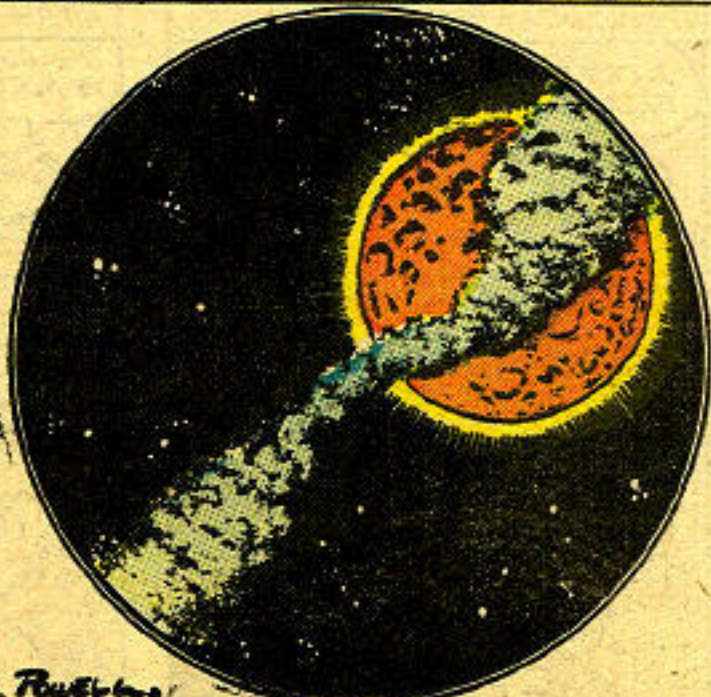
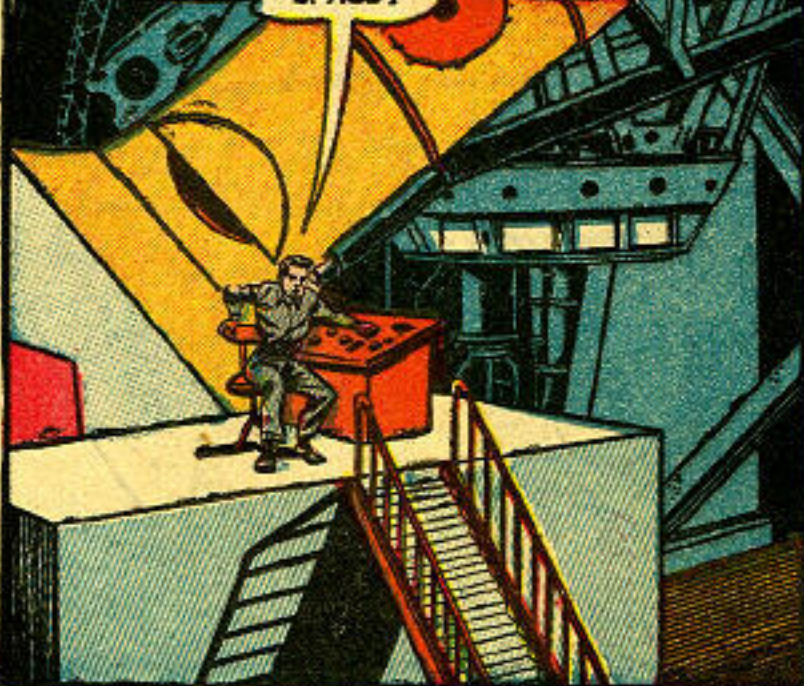
SUCH A DUST STORM IS DUE TO HIT THE EARTH! THERE IS NO WAY OF TURNING IT OR EARTH, ASIDE! WHILE ALL THE WORLD WONDERS WHAT WILL HAPPEN, JET POWERS GOES OUT IN SPACE TO FIGHT IT—AND MEETS DEFEAT! AND WITHOUT HIS HELP, ALL EARTH IS HELPLESS BEFORE—

## THE DUST DOOM!

THE NEWS FLASHES AROUND THE WORLD! EVERY MAN WHO CAN REACH ONE STARES INTO THE EYE OF A TELESCOPE—AT A SWIRLING DUST CLOUD OF INCONCEIVABLE SIZE!

THE FIRST INTIMATION MANKIND HAS OF ITS COMING DOOM IS IN THE FRANTIC WORDS OF AN ASTRONOMER—

EGAN! WALSH! CALL DOCTOR EDWARDS! EITHER MY EYESIGHT IS GOING BAD—OR THERE'S A MISSOURI CYCLONE OUT IN SPACE!



Reuben



FOR A WHILE, WORD OF THE APPROACHING DUST STORM IS KEPT FROM THE PUBLIC. BUT THE NEWS LEAKS OUT...

I HEAR IT WILL COVER THE EARTH WITH **GOLD DUST!**

IT'S **CYANIDE GAS!** WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

AT LEAST IT'S MADE JOHN MORE THOUGHTFUL! HE STAYS HOME NIGHTS, LISTENING TO RADIO REPORTS!

JUST WHEN I HAD MY LAWN RESEEDED! THAT DOGGONE DUST WILL BURY IT UNDER A FOOT OF GLOP!



TO CROONER HAL HOLLIS AND SINGING STAR FAYE MAYO, THE DUST MEANS SOMETHING ELSE...

HONEY, THAT DUST MAY END OUR WORLD! WHY NOT SNATCH A FEW HOURS OF HAPPINESS TOGETHER? MARRY ME. WE'LL GO ON A HONEYMOON...



YES, DARLING! I'M SO TERRIFIED, I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU ALL THE TIME...



AND SO THEY ARE MARRIED, EVEN AS THE COSMIC DUST STORM WHIRLS CLOSER AND CLOSER...

WE HAVE THREE DAYS LEFT...

AND THEN THE WORLD MAY END!



THE FIRST WARNING THE DUST DOOM GIVES IS WHEN IT SWIRLS DOWN OVER THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF THE EARTH...

I CAN'T—BREATHE...!

CHOKING...BLINDING! GOING TO FALL....!



SO SWIFTLY THAT IT OUTRACES RADIO BROADCASTS, THE DUST HITS—

THE DUST IS HERE!

LOOK! THE SUN! IT'S GONE!

IT'S GETTING COLDER!



WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! LET'S LIVE WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE....!







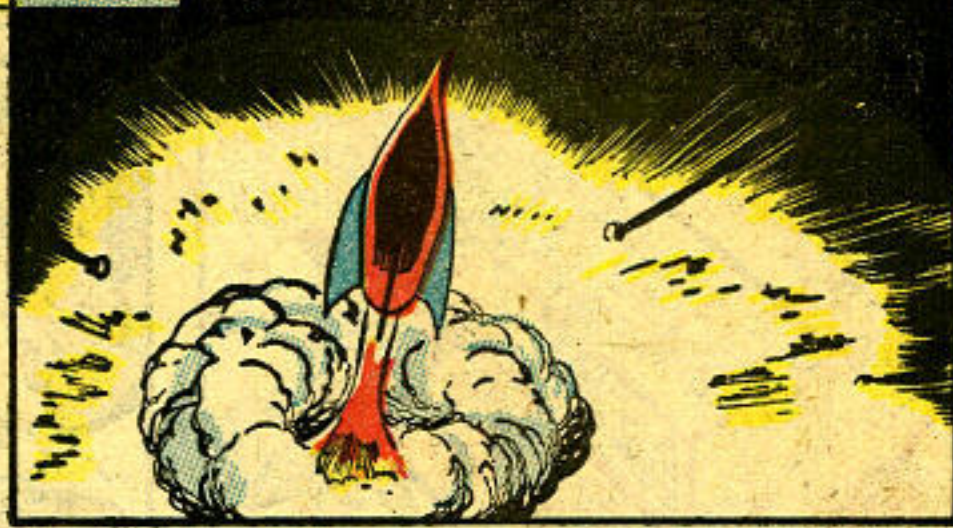


"WHEN I FIRST LEARNED OF THE APPROACHING STORM, I READED A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED SPACECRAFT FROM MY LABORATORY..."

HUGE METAL DOORS SLIDE BACK! POWERFUL ATOMIC ENGINES ROAR! JETS BLAST A RED TRAIL! SLOWLY THE GIANT CYLINDER RISES...



BY USING AN INBUILT, ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM, PLUS THE ROCKE-JETS, WE OUGHT TO CLEAR THE TRUTH!



FORWARD ANTI-GRAV BEAM ON FULL. ROCKETS OFF. WE'RE CLEARING F LAYER OF THE IONOSPHERE!

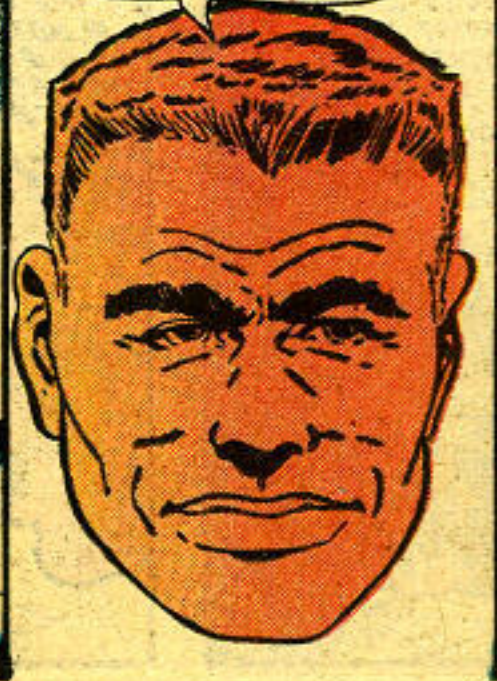
JETS OFF! BEAM RAYS ON TO FULL!



THE BEAMS ARE OFF, NOW. WE'RE HURLING THROUGH SPACE AT TERRIFIC SPEED. WE'LL BE UP AT THE DUST CLOUD IN NO TIME AT ALL!

WHAT IS IT, JET? I ALWAYS THOUGHT SPACE WAS EMPTY!

HYDROGEN ATOMS FLOAT IN SPACE. SO DO ANY NUMBER OF OTHER PARTICLES! GASES, THAT FORM THE TAILS OF COMETS, WILL CONDENSE...CHIPS OF METEORITES AND ASTEROIDS FLOAT ENDLESSLY. EVEN THE DEBRIS OF EXPLODED SUNS AND PLANETS WHIRL ON, FOREVER, IN SPACE...



SU SHAN - THE GAUGES! ALL REGISTER - DANGER! THE HULL OF THE SHIP IS TURNING WHITE WITH INTENSE HEAT! IF THIS KEEPS UP - WE'LL EXPLODE...!



THE GEIGER COUNTERS ARE GOING CRAZY! THAT DUST IS RADIO-ACTIVE! IT'LL KILL EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH WHEN IT BLOWS OVER IT!

HERE IS ANOTHER SAMPLE BOTTLE THAT WE FLOATED OUT BEYOND THE HULL!



NO NEED TO TAKE MORE SAMPLES! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW! NOW TO START THE TUBES AND... START THE TUBES?... SU SHAN! THEY'VE GONE DEAD!

WE'LL BE STRANDED-OUT HERE IN SPACE!

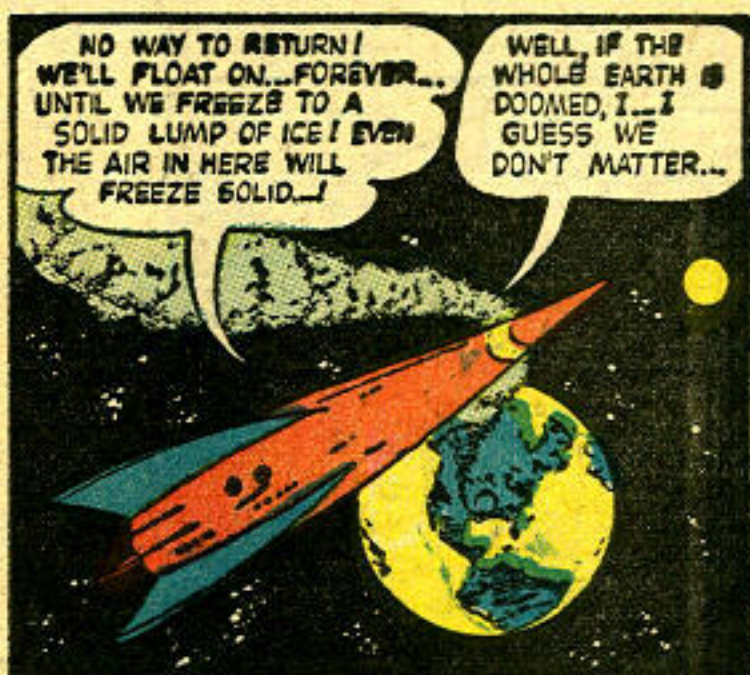


I'LL SAY THEY'RE DEAD! THAT RADIOACTIVE DUST ATE RIGHT THROUGH THEM! NOW WE'LL NEVER GET BACK TO EARTH...!



NO WAY TO RETURN! WE'LL FLOAT ON...FOREVER... UNTIL WE FREEZE TO A SOLID LUMP OF ICE! EVEN THE AIR IN HERE WILL FREEZE SOLID...!

WELL, IF THE WHOLE EARTH IS DOOMED, I...I GUESS WE DON'T MATTER...



MATTER? THAT'S THE ANSWER! **MATTER!** WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE!

JET! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? THE STRAIN HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOU! YOU'VE CRACKED UP!



BY NOW JET'S VOICE SPEAKS OUT OVER A DEAD AND EMPTY CITY...

BUT I HADN'T CRACKED UP! WE ESCAPED FROM THE DUST CLOUD BY TURNING ON THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAMS! SINCE THE DUST IS COMPOSED OF **MATTER**, IT HAS **MASS**, AND I USED IT TO PUSH AGAINST...



IT'S NO USE, SU SHAN- THE WHOLE WORLD HAS DIED!

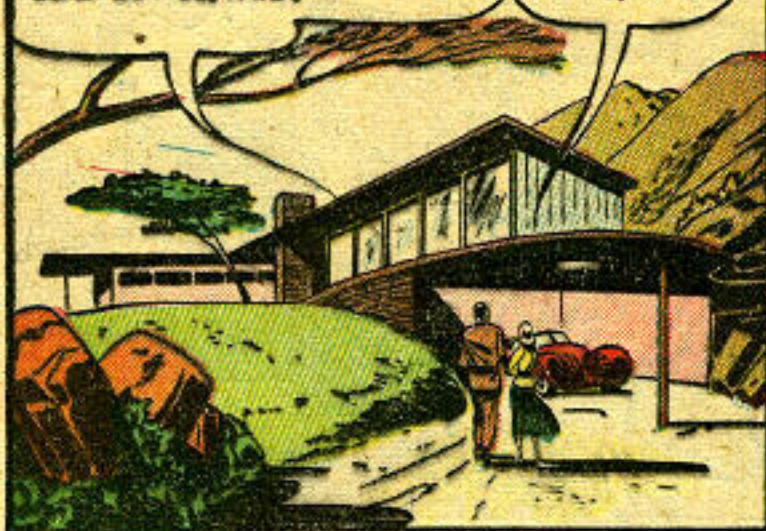




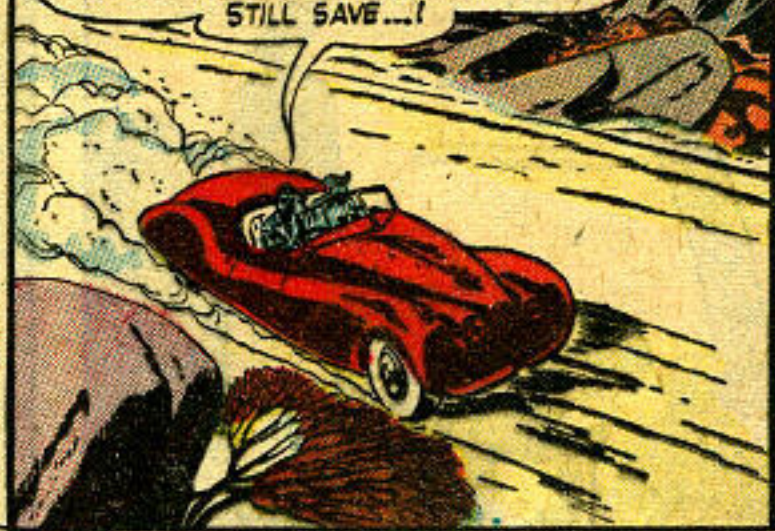
**BUT HERE AND THERE SOME PEOPLE STILL LIVE...**

NO MORE RADIO REPORTS—FROM ANYWHERE! EVERYBODY MUST BE DEAD BUT US, FAYE!

BUT...BUT WHY AREN'T WE DEAD, TOO?



WIND CURRENTS MUST HAVE BLOWN THE DUST AWAY FROM THIS SPOT! HONEY WE'VE GOT TO GO DOWN AND LOOK AROUND. THERE MAY BE SOME PEOPLE DOWN IN THE VALLEY WE CAN STILL SAVE...!



**AN HOUR LATER, IN A LITTLE DESERTED TOWN...**

SOB MOM! MOM!

OH H H !



YOU POOR DARLING! ARE YOU ALL ALONE HERE? HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE DUST?

I WAS PLAYING IN THE CELLAR. I HEARD MOM CRY OUT. SHE TOLD ME TO STAY DOWN THERE. THEN WHEN I CAME UP... SOB

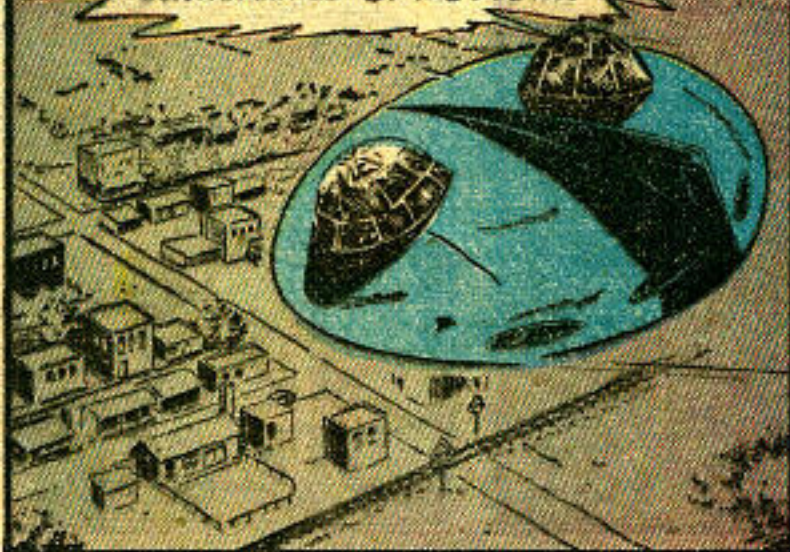


EVERYONE DEAD! THE ENTIRE TOWN IS EMPTY! THE WHOLE WORLD MUST BE LIKE THIS. DEAD! BARREN!

LOOK UP THERE, MA'AM! IN THE SKY!



IF ANY PEOPLE ARE ALIVE, DRINK WATER ONLY FROM DEEP WELLS! EAT ONLY FOOD IN SEALED CANS, SO AS NOT TO EAT FOOD CONTAMINATED BY THE DUST...



SOMEBODY STILL ALIVE, FIGHTING THE DUST! WE'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO HIM, SOMEHOW! BUT FIRST WE'D BETTER GET INSIDE OUR CABIN. THE WINDS MAY BRING THAT DUST DOWN ON US ANY MINUTE ...



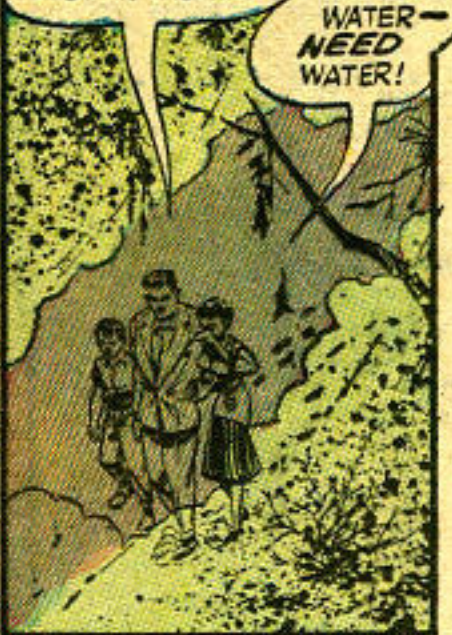


**BUT AS THE WANDERERS STAGGER OVER THE HILLSIDE, A BREEZE LIFTS, GROWS STRONGER...**

**GET DOWN, -QUICKLY! THE DUST IS COMING THIS WAY! SHIELD YOUR FACE AND ALL BARE FLESH FROM ITS RADIATIONS!**



**THE CAR WAS CONKED OUT BY THAT DUST THAT EATS METAL!...NO FOOD! NO WATER! EVEN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS HAVE RADIOACTIVE DUST IN THEM....!**



**I WANT WATER— NEED WATER!**

**I CAN'T GO ON... NOT ANY MORE! WE MIGHT AS WELL DIE TOO....!**

**NO, FAYE! FIGHT ON! WE'VE GOT TO STAY ALIVE! WE MAY BE THE LAST HUMAN BEINGS LEFT...**



**A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, JET POWERS' AEROCAR MOVES SLOWLY OVER A DEAD CITY...**

**THE DUST HAS EATEN AWAY THE POWER ENGINES. ALL LIGHT HAS FAILED! SOON NOW, THE CITY WILL FREEZE, FOR THE SUN IS COVERED UP...**



**NOT ONE PERSON LEFT ALIVE! AS FOR EUROPE AND ASIA, THE TELEVISI-SCANNER HAS TOLD US THEY LIE UNDER DUST TEN FEET DEEP!**



**IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! BUT PERHAPS—IN THE COUNTRY—WHERE PEOPLE CAN DRINK FROM WELLS—WHERE THEY CAN HIDE IN CAVES... SOME MAY STILL LIVE!**



**THAT'S WHAT I HOPE. WE'LL COVER THE ENTIRE NATION!**

**UP THERE, MISTER! LOOK—A FUNNY KIND OF AIRPLANE!**



**I SEE IT, JIMMY!... YELL! YELL LOUDLY!...HEY YOU UP THERE! SAVE US! SAVE US!**



THEY DIDN'T HEAR US,  
OR SEE US! AND IT'S  
GETTING COLDER.  
WE—WE CAN'T  
LAST OUT THE  
NIGHT...  
WE'RE  
GOING  
TO DIE...  
ALL OF  
US...



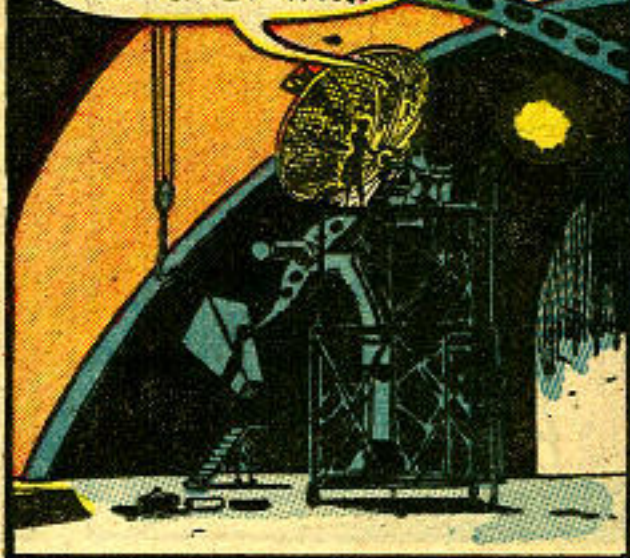
AS NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL,  
SNOW DROPS SOFTLY FROM  
THE SKY...

YES, JIMMY! THE  
LAST OF THE HUMAN  
RACE... DYING...



IN HIS MESA LABORATORY, JET POWERS  
WORKS WITH UNTIRING ENERGY...

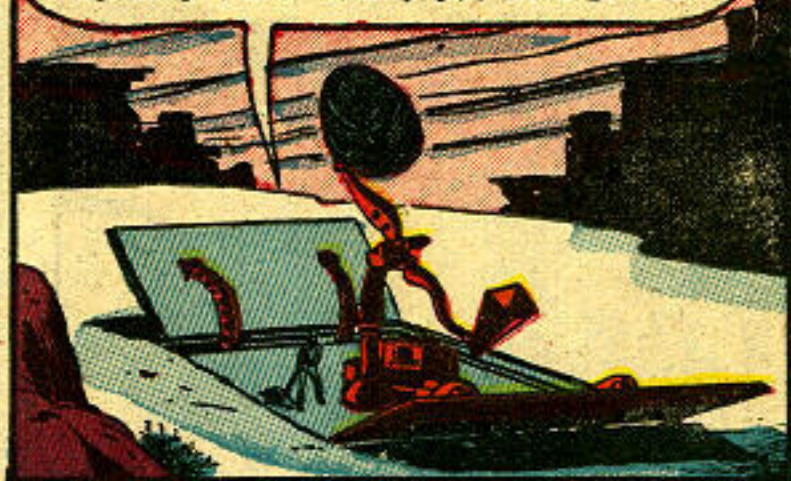
TRYING TO LOCATE PEOPLE IN THE  
DUST CLOUD IS WORSE THAN FINDING  
A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK! I HAVE  
ONE CHANCE OF SAVING MANKIND—  
WITH THIS CONVERTED  
RADIOMETER...!



THE DUST CLOUD IS COMPOSED OF  
TINY RADIOACTIVE PARTICLES OF SOME  
STRANGE METAL. IT HAS MASS AND  
MATTER. THEREFORE, IT WILL REACT WHEN  
THE CONE GATHERS THOSE PARTICLES  
BY MAGNETIC FLOWS...



WHEN THE CONE GATHERS THE DUST PARTICLES,  
THE DISC WILL BEAM OUT RADIO-GRAVITY RAYS!  
THE RAYS WILL ACT ON THE DUST PARTICLES,  
FREEING THEM FROM EARTH'S GRAVITY, AND  
HURLING THEM BACK, OUT INTO SPACE!

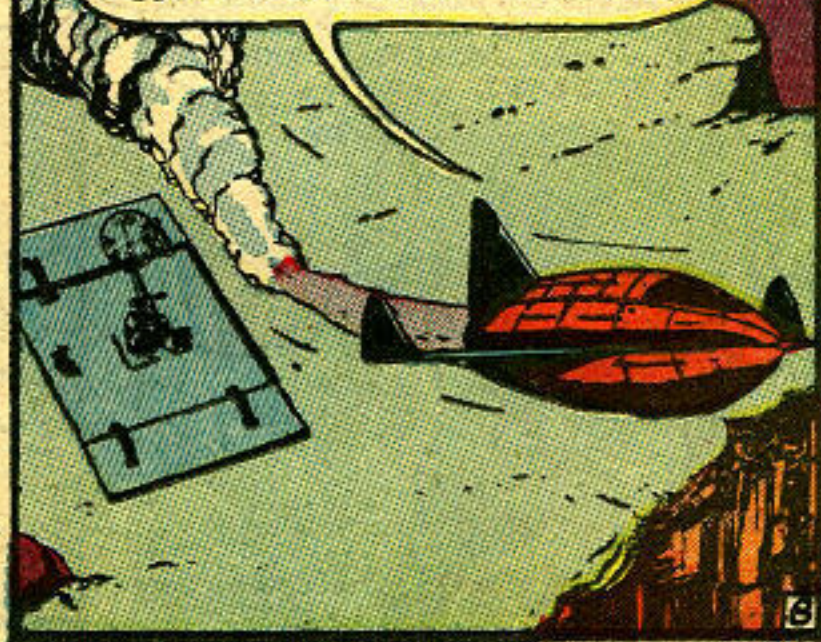


I'LL START  
IT, AND—

JET! JET! I'VE FOUND  
THREE PEOPLE IN THE  
SCANNER! QUICKLY— THERE  
MAY BE A CHANCE TO  
SAVE THEM...

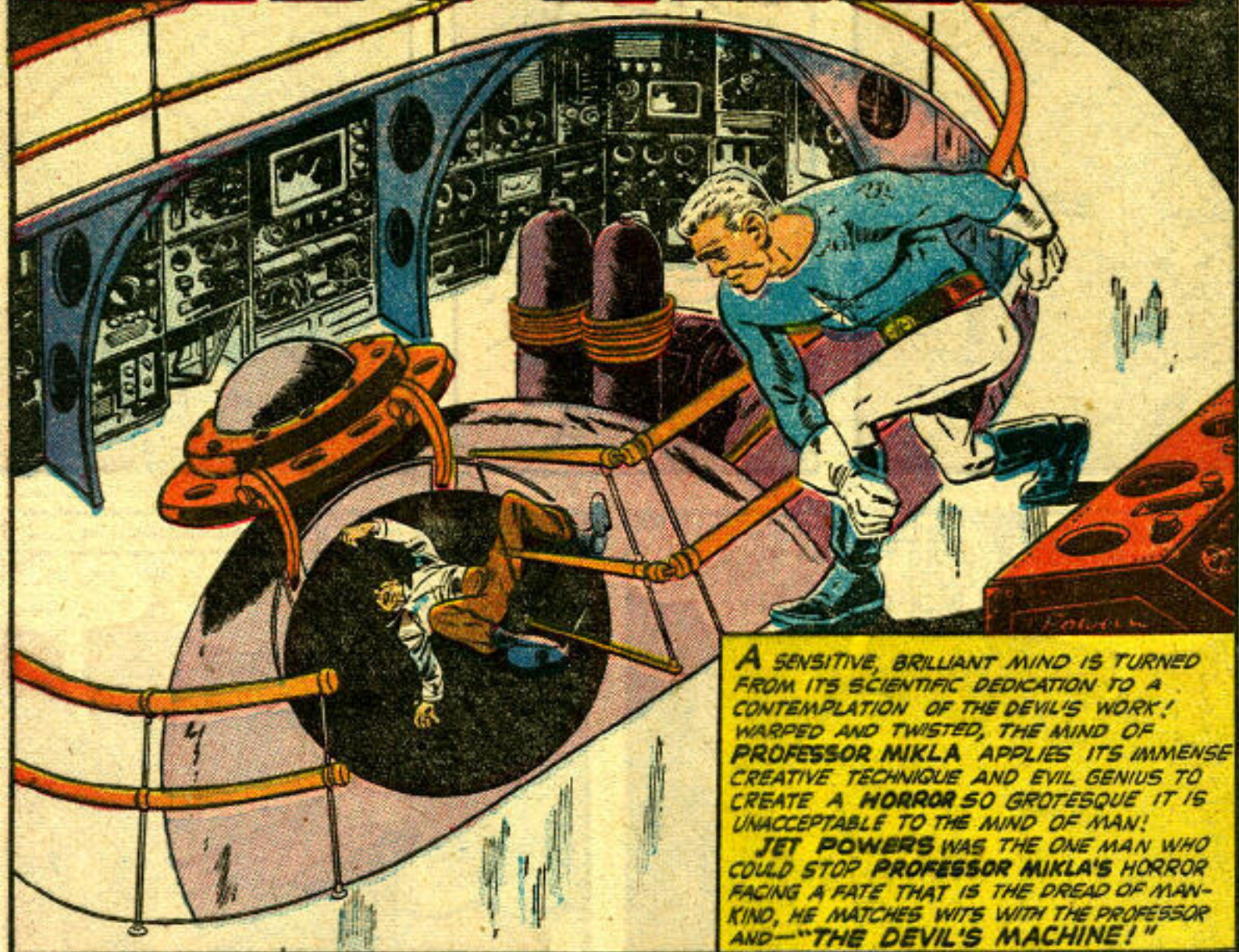


THE MAGNETI-GRAVITY MACHINE  
WILL KEEP ON WORKING! WE'VE GOT TO  
RESCUE THESE PEOPLE— IF WE CAN!





# Jet Powers



A SENSITIVE, BRILLIANT MIND IS TURNED FROM ITS SCIENTIFIC DEDICATION TO A CONTEMPLATION OF THE DEVIL'S WORK! WARPED AND TWISTED, THE MIND OF PROFESSOR MIKLA APPLIES ITS IMMENSE CREATIVE TECHNIQUE AND EVIL GENIUS TO CREATE A HORROR SO GROTESQUE IT IS UNACCEPTABLE TO THE MIND OF MAN!

**JET POWERS** WAS THE ONE MAN WHO COULD STOP PROFESSOR MIKLA'S HORROR FACING A FATE THAT IS THE DREAD OF MANKIND, HE MATCHES WITS WITH THE PROFESSOR AND—"THE DEVIL'S MACHINE!"

A SMALL, TRAVELLING CIRCUS, DOWN ON ITS LUCK, PAUSES FOR A STOP-OVER AT A SMALL TOWN IN PENNSYLVANIA...

NO. WHAT I HAD IN MIND IS ONE...MORE OF A MEDIUM SIZE...!

WE GOT AN ELEPHANT FOR YOU, PROFESSOR JUST THE RIGHT SIZE. BUT I'D NEVER SELL YOU THESE ANIMALS IF I WASN'T SHORT OF CASH RIGHT NOW!



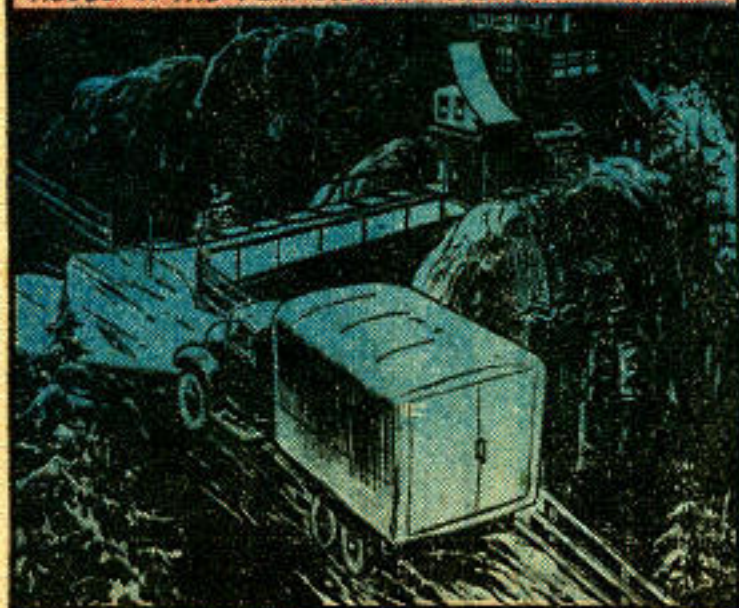
TONY AND ONE OF THE TRAINERS WILL GO ALONG WITH YOU OUT TO YOUR PLACE, SO THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR ANXIETY! I INTEND TO KEEP THE ANIMALS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF OPIATES A GOOD PORTION OF THE TIME!





THAT NIGHT A STRANGELY-LOADED VAN MAKES ITS WAY UP A TORTUOUS SIDE ROAD TO A LONELY HOUSE IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HILLS...



HURRY-BUT DON'T EXCITE THEM UNNECESSARILY! I HAVE PENS INSIDE WHERE YOU CAN PUT THEM!

THEY BETTER BE WARM PENS, PROFESSOR! OR THESE ANIMALS ARE GONNA DIE OF PNEUMONIA. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CODDLE 'EM!



FAR INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, LIGHTS BURN IN THE PROFESSOR'S UNDERGROUND LABORATORY.

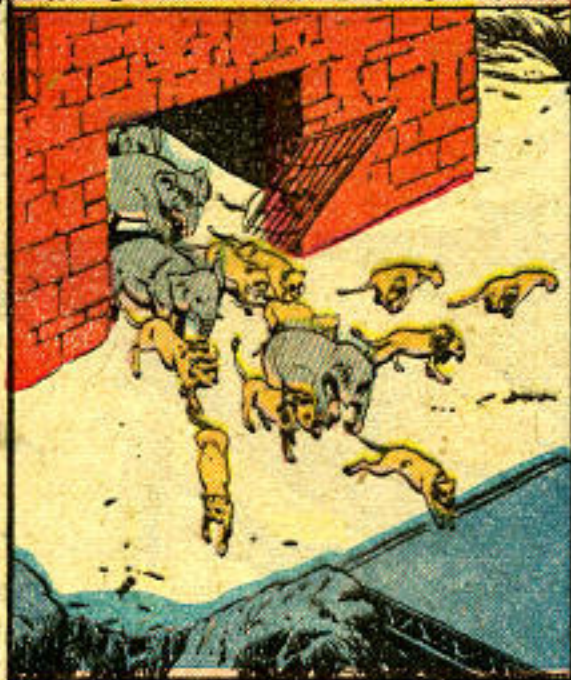
I CAN'T FAIL NOW! I'VE COME TOO FAR IN MY EXPERIMENTS! THIS IS THE FIRST STEP UP THE SCALE FROM THE MICE I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH!



AFTER THE LION, I'LL TRY THE ELEPHANT! AND ONCE I'VE GOTTEN MY PENS FULL, I'LL TURN TO HUMAN BEINGS! I'LL BE DOING WHAT OTHER SCIENTISTS DARED TO DREAM OF — CREATING LIFE...!



ONE NIGHT, A WEEK LATER, PROFESSOR MIKLA'S HOUSE SHUDDERS WITH ANIMAL SHRIEKS AND GROANS AND THEN ERUPTS WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR...



HAVING BROKEN OUT OF THEIR PRISON, THE CRAZED, THUNDERING HERD OF LIONS AND ELEPHANTS DESCEND, A RAVAGING HORDE, ON A NEARBY TOWN...

I'M OUT OF AMMUNITION!





AT THAT MOMENT, IN A LABORATORY HIDDEN UNDERGROUND IN THE WESTERN DESERT, SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS REGISTER THE IMPACT OF THE THUNDERING HOoves OF THE MAD ELEPHANT HERD...

STRANGE. THE OSCILLO-SEISMOGRAPH NEVER SHOWED VIBRATIONS OF THAT SORT BEFORE! ALMOST AS IF SHOCK WAVES WERE INITIATED ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH RATHER THAN BELOW THE CRUST!



ROUGH TRIANGULATION SHOWS THAT THE CENTER OF THE DISTURBANCE FALLS SOMEWHERE IN THE POCONOS AREA IN PENNSYLVANIA! THERE HAVE BEEN NO REPORTS OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL TAKING PLACE THERE!



THE NEXT DAY'S MORNING NEWS-PAPERS ANSWER THE QUESTIONS THAT WERE IN JET'S MIND...

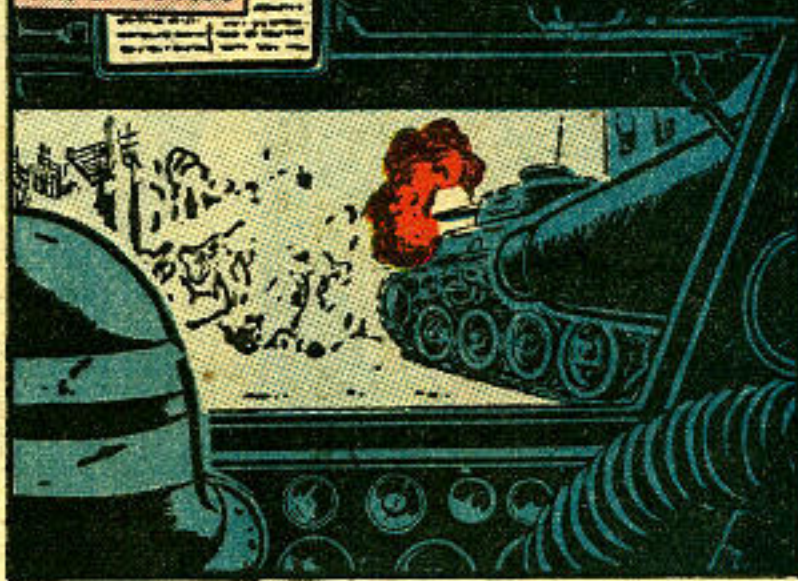


AT NINE-THIRTY THAT MORNING, PROFESSOR MIKLA MEETS AN UNSUSPECTING TRAVELLER...

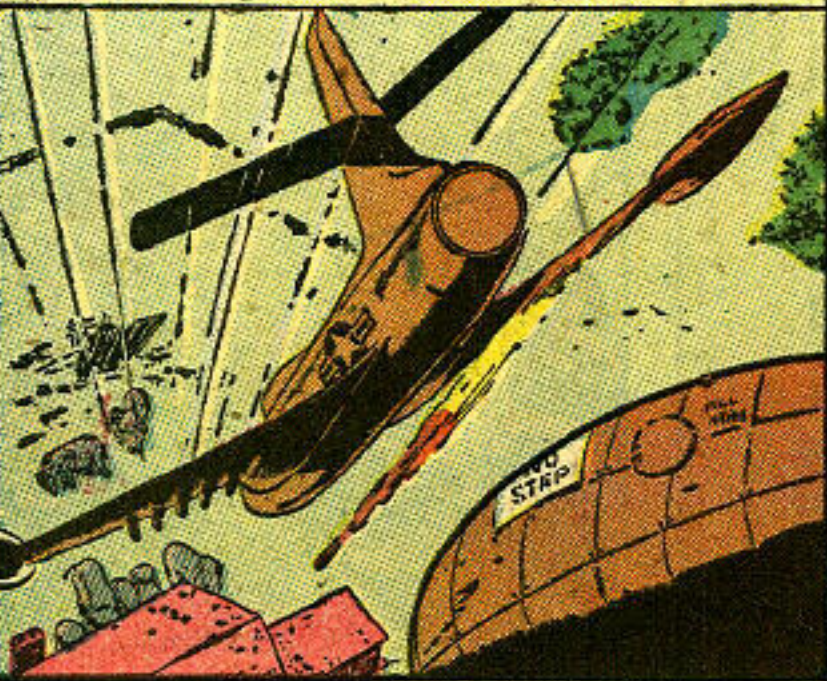
NOW I'VE GOT A HUMAN BEING FOR MY EXPERIMENTS! I SUCCEEDED WITH THE LOWER-ORDER ANIMALS AND NOW MY MACHINE FACES ITS SUPREME TEST!



ALL ROADS INTO THE FORBIDDEN AREA ARE BLOCKED OFF AS ARMY TASK FORCES CARRY OUT OPERATION WIPE OUT...



THE ATTACK IS PRESSED HOME FROM THE AIR...



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PRESIDENT CONTACTS JET POWERS AT HIS LABORATORY...

CIVILIAN TRAVEL HAS BEEN PROHIBITED IN THIS AREA, EVEN THOUGH, EXCEPT FOR AN ISOLATED HERD OR SO, THE KILLER BEASTS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!

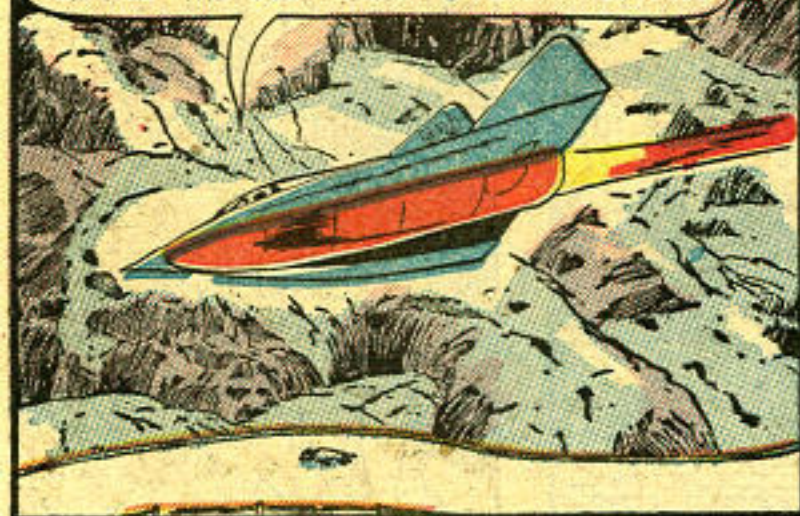
I'LL ATTEMPT TO TRACK DOWN THE SOURCE OF THESE BEASTS AS THE PRESIDENT REQUESTED!





JET SETS OUT IN HIS AEROCAR AND IS SOON ROARING OVER THE POCONO MOUNTAINS...

A LION DOWN THERE. PROBABLY SHOT BY ONE OF THE TASK FORCES! THERE'S A CHANCE THE BODY MIGHT GIVE UP A CLUE...



SECONDS LATER, THE AEROCAR SETTLES GENTLY TO EARTH AND JET STEPS OUT TO EXAMINE THE LION...

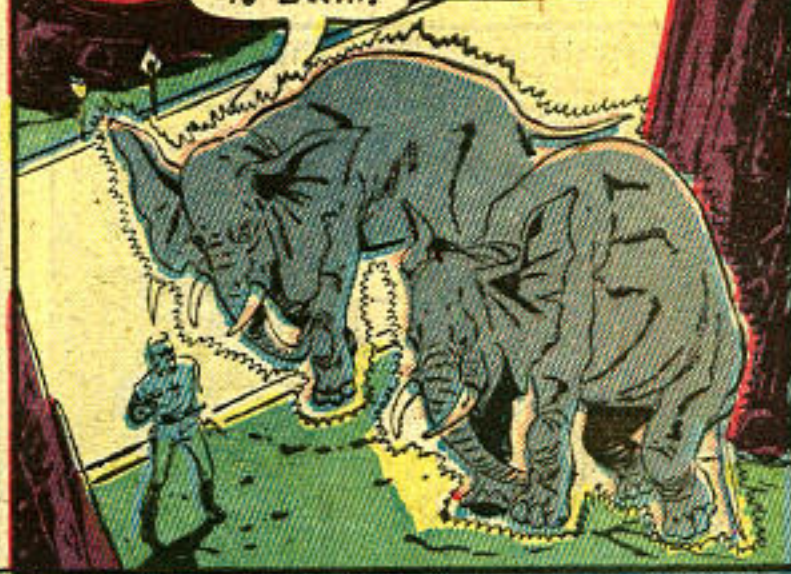
ALMOST STEPPED INTO A TRAP! THESE MARAUDING ANIMALS HAVE A HUMAN INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THEM!



THIS WILL RENDER THEM HARMLESS FOR AT LEAST A FEW HOURS!



I'LL CALL INTO ARMY HEADQUARTERS FROM THE AEROCAR! A COMBAT TEAM CAN PICK THEM UP WHEN THEY FLOAT BACK TO EARTH!



CONCENTRATING ON THE ANIMALS, JET DOES NOT SEE THAT SOMEONE HAS COME UP BEHIND HIM...

DON'T DROP YOUR HANDS! IS...IS THAT WHAT YOU DID TO TED... SEND HIM FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR TO HIS DEATH? I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO KILL YOU OR TAKE YOU INTO THE POLICE!



WHO ARE YOU...AND WHO IS TED? I'M HERE ON A GOVERNMENT MISSION, INVESTIGATING THE KILLER-ANIMALS! CIVILIANS HAVE BEEN FORBIDDEN TO TRAVEL IN THIS AREA! CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE?



I... PLEASE HELP ME! (SOB) MY FIANCE DISAPPEARED ON THIS HIGHWAY! I WAS RETRACING HIS ROUTE, TRYING TO FIND HIM, WHEN I SAW YOU JUST OFF THE MAIN ROAD! I...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!

PERHAPS I CAN AID YOU!





# Space Ace

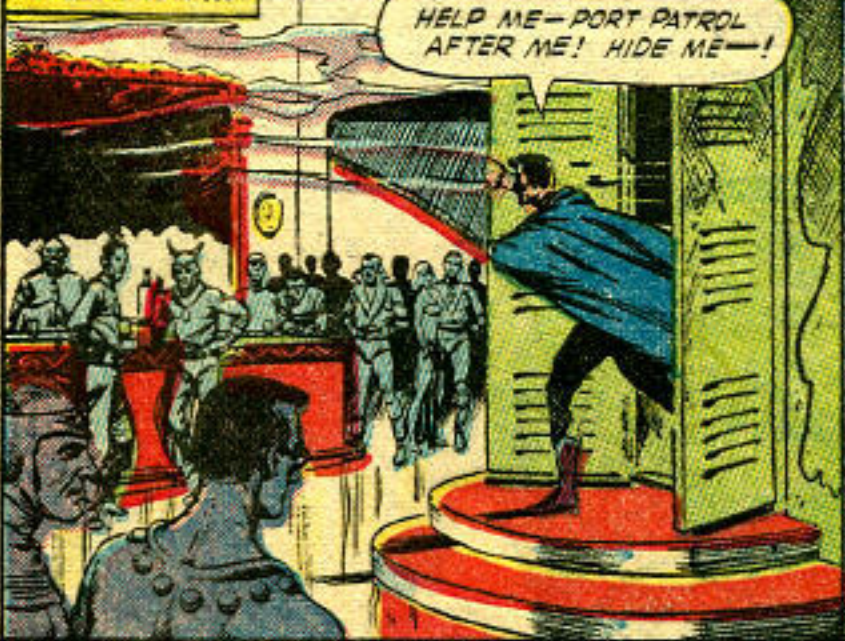


THE DANGER SPOTS OF SPACE ARE MANY, AND VARIED. A MAN CAN LOSE HIS LIFE IN A PORTSIDE TAVERN OR OUT IN THE BLACK REACHES OF OUTER SPACE — GAMBLING HIS EXISTENCE FOR A FORTUNE WORTH A PLANET! THIS WAS THE WAY DEATH CAME AND GRINNED AT SPACE ACE, WHO RAN THE GAUNTLET OF A SPRAY OF EXPLOSIRAYS TO FIND—

"THE **NOTHING** WEAPON!"

THE SWINGING GLASS DOORS OF A PORTSIDE TAVERN ON TITAN CRASH OPEN AS A MAN CRIES OUT HOARSELY IN WILD FEAR...

HELP ME—PORT PATROL  
AFTER ME! HIDE ME—!



TOO LATE! THEY'VE SEEN ME!  
AAAAAGGGHHH!





SHADOWS OF MALL—  
A BOOK OF VALAR!



BEFORE THE PORT PATROLMEN ARE  
THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS —

THIS THING'S WORTH A MOON  
FILLED WITH URANIUM! THE  
VALARS WERE THE FIRST TO  
LAND ON MARS—FIVE MILLION  
YEARS AGO! THIS BOOK MUST  
HOLD PRICELESS SECRETS!



AS SPACE ACE LEGS IT UP AN  
ALLEY, BEHIND HIM IN THE TAVERN,

DON'T BE A FOOL, WHICHEVER ONE  
OF YOU HAS  
THAT BOOK! IF  
YOU OPEN IT,  
YOU'LL DIE!  
IT'S FILLED WITH  
A DEADLY  
POISON GAS!



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...

GAYTA, I  
TELL YOU THAT—  
HOLD ON! WHY, THAT'S SPACE ACE!  
NOW WHY IS HE IN SUCH A HURRY?  
GAYTA, I'VE A LITTLE  
TASK FOR YOU!



SPACE ACE HAS BLOODHOUND  
IN HIM. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE  
SMELLS OUT RARE FORTUNES!  
LUCK CLINGS TO HIM. SO, GO UP  
TO HIS ROOM. LEARN WHY  
HE'S SO EXCITED. USE A  
PARALYSOBEAM ON  
HIM IF YOU MUST—BUT GET  
THAT INFORMATION!



IT WAS SPACE ACE WHO SOLD THE GOVERNMENT  
THE ROBOT SECRETS OF THE DESERT DEVILS...WHO  
FOUND THE OCEAN OF  
DIAMONDS...THE SATURNIAN  
SUNBURST FLORA... THE  
CAVE-JEWELS OF PLUTO!  
WHATEVER HE TOUCHES  
TURNS TO GOLD—AND  
I WANT SOME OF IT!



AS FLOR, WOMAN OF CRIME AND MYSTERY, PAGES  
THE LOBBY, SPACE ACE WORKS THE LOCK-CLASP OF THE  
VALERIAN BOOK...

THE VALARS CAME FROM THE SHATTERED  
PLANET BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER,  
THAT IS NOT KNOWN AS THE ASTEROID  
BELT. THEY HAD GREAT SCIENCES.  
SOME OF THEIR SECRETS WILL BE  
IN THIS BOOK THAT MEN  
HAVE HUNTED FOR  
AGES...!





THE PARALYSOBEAM HITS ACE'S BACK... RIGID, HE FALLS FORWARD



BY THE BEARD OF SHUUN! A BOOK OF ANCIENT VALAR! THIS IS TOO GOOD - EVEN FOR FLOR!

FROZEN SOLID! CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

TO THE PARALYSED MAN OF OUTER SPACE, IT SEEMS CENTURIES BEFORE HE CAN MOVE...



SOMEONE REACHING OUT TURNING ME OVER... MAY BE TO KILL ME...!



AIEEEE!



WELL, WELL! FLOR THE BEAUTIFUL, QUEEN OF TITAN'S UNDERWORLD! YOU GOT THE BOOK! WHERE IS IT!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE! I SENT A MAN FOR THE BOOK. HE DIDN'T COME BACK, SO I CAME MYSELF. THE SPACE RAT! HE **STOLE** IT!



IN THAT CASE, WE'D BETTER GO AFTER HIM! YOU COME ALONG, TOO! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE YOUR WIRE KILLERS HANG OUT!



AFTER SIX HOURS OF STEADY SEARCHING -

POOR DEVIL! HIS GREED AND CURIOSITY MADE HIM OPEN THE BOOK - THE VALARS MIXED A DEADLY POISON GAS IN WITH THEIR PRINTING INK. WE'LL HAVE TO DECONTAMINATE IT!



LATER, IN ACE'S ROOMS -

WHILE THE DECONTAMINATING RAYS ARE ON, WE'LL SHARE A DRINK.

THE FOOL! HE'S DROPPING A DRUG IN MY DRINK! WELL, I'LL FOOL HIM! I'M GOING TO SWITCH DRINKS.



IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW — THE  
LAST BIT OF POISON IS TURNING  
BLUE! IT'LL SOON FADE OUT...

GOOD! COME AND  
DRINK TO — OUR  
PARTNERSHIP!

SO, YOU FOOL! YOU THOUGHT TO  
DRUG ME AND STEAL THE BOOK  
FOR YOURSELF! BUT I SAW YOU  
IN THE MIRROR — AND I SWITCHED  
THOSE DRINKS! YOU GOT THE  
DRUGGED ONE!

SORRY,  
GORGEOUS  
— YOU  
DID!

**BOTH** DRINKS WERE DRUGGED!  
YOU SAW ME DROP IN THE  
**ANTIDOTE** FOR THE DRUG.

YOU THOUGHT I WAS DRUGGING  
IT, SO YOU SWITCHED DRINKS  
AND GAVE ME THE ONE WITH THE  
ANTIDOTE IN IT — THE  
**HARMLESS**  
**ONE!**

YOU'RE A DEVIL,  
SPACE ACE —  
A CLEVER DEVIL!

BETTER TAKE MY BOOK AND CLEAR  
OUT! SHE'D FORGIVE ME FOR  
ANYTHING BUT LISTENING  
TO HER **SNORE!**

WITHIN THE HOUR  
A SLEEK SPACECRAFT  
IS BLASTING OFF  
FROM TITAN...

IF THE OLD LEGENDS OF THE  
VALARS ARE TRUE, THIS BOOK  
WILL LEAD ME TO ONE OF THEIR  
GREATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPHS!

NOW THAT I'VE TIME  
TO STUDY THE CHAR-  
ACTERS WITHOUT  
INTERRUPTION —  
GODS OF MARS!  
A WEAPON THAT  
**CANNOT BE  
DESTROYED** —  
AGAINST WHICH  
NOTHING CAN STAND!  
IF I CAN FIND THAT,  
I NAME MY OWN  
PRICE FOR IT!

NIGHT COMES AND GOES. DAWN MERGES INTO  
NOON...

HE TRICKED ME! OH,  
HE'S CLEVER — BUT NOT TOO  
CLEVER FOR FLOR. HE GOT  
THE BOOK, BUT HE'LL GET  
**DEATH** WHEN MY MEN  
CATCH UP WITH HIM...!



OUTLAWS, YOU CALL YOURSELVES! WELL, I CAN MAKE YOU *RICH*! GO AFTER SPACE ACE! LEARN WHAT HE SEEKS OUT THERE IN SPACE — GET IT — THEN *KILL HIM*!

FOR DAYS, THE MAN OF OUTER SPACE HUNTS THE ASTEROIDS, UNTIL, ON A GIGANTIC CHUNK OF FLOATING METAL...

A GOLDEN CAVE! THAT'S WHAT THE BOOK SAID! — THAT I'D FIND THE "*GLOBE OF POWER*" IN A CAVE LINED WITH GOLD!

EVERYTHING ELSE TURNED TO DUST, OR THE RUST OF A BILLION YEARS — EXCEPT THIS BLACK GLOBE! BUT *THAT'S* NO WEAPON — OR IS IT THE GREATEST WEAPON ANY MIND EVER DEVELOPED?

PIRATE SHIPS! FLOR'S SPACEFLEET! BLASTING MY SHIP — CRACKING THE ATOMIC ENGINES SO I CAN NEVER LIFT OFF THIS ASTEROID!

THEY SEE ME! THEY'RE GOING TO RAY ME!

AS SPACE ACE GOES DOWN TO ONE KNEE ON THE SHARP VOLCANIC ROCK OF THE ASTEROID, HIS EYES OPEN WIDE IN AMAZEMENT...

THAT THING'S *BENDING* THOSE BEAMS — DRAWING THEM TOWARD IT! JUST AS A MAGNET ATTRACTS IRON FILINGS...!

IT DREW THOSE RAYS — AND RELEASED RAYS OF ITS OWN! BLACK RAYS THAT ARE COVERING THE SHIPS — AND BLOWING THEM UP! IN THE NAME OF SHUUN — WHAT IS THAT THING?



THREE SIMULTANEOUS EXPLOSIONS  
FILL SPACE WITH VIVID FLAME! AND  
YET, IN SPACE THERE IS NO SOUND—  
JUST INCREDIBLE DESTRUCTION THAT  
SEARS THE EYEBALLS!



NO MATTER CAN EXIST AT  
ABSOLUTE ZERO EXCEPT AS PURE  
**ENERGY!** THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE SPACESHIPS! IT TURNED  
THEM INTO SHEER ENERGY.

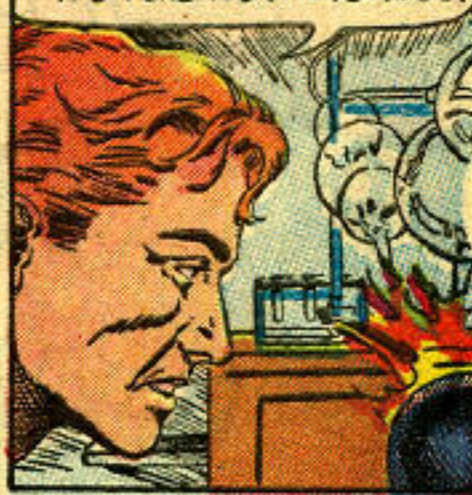


THEY'RE GONE! BUT I'M  
LEFT ALONE... NO WAY OFF  
THIS PLACE. I'LL DIE WITH  
A FORTUNE IN MY HANDS!



IN HIS SPACESHIP LABORATORY  
SPACE ACE RUNS TEST AFTER  
TEST...

IT'S A GLOBE OF SPACE  
FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE!  
ALIEN!... IT DRAWS ALL POWER  
LIKE DESTRUCTORAYS INTO  
IT—AND SHOTS OUT BEAMS  
OF **ABSOLUTE ZERO!**  
IT'S PURE **NOTHINGNESS!**



THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF  
ALL SPACE IN MY HANDS—AND  
IT WON'T DO ME A BIT OF GOOD!  
I'LL DIE HERE, WITHOUT FOOD  
AND WATER. ALL ALONE... ON  
A WANDERING ASTEROID THAT  
NO SPACESHIP WILL SEE IN  
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS...



FOR THREE DAYS SPACE ACE BROODS BEFORE THE  
IDEA HITS HIM. AND THEN HE WORKS FEVERISHLY  
AMID THE RUINS OF HIS BLASTED SPACESHIP  
ENGINES...

WHY DIDN'T IT DAWN ON ME  
BEFORE? I'LL RIG UP A HAND-BLASTER...  
FIRE AT THE GLOBE! THE GLOBE WILL  
SEND OUT A BLACK BEAM AND TURN  
THE GUN INTO SHEER **ENERGY!**—  
ENERGY THAT THE ROCKET JETS  
WILL DRAW INTO THE FUEL BOX—  
AND LIFT ME OFF THE  
ASTEROID!



AND, FINALLY, WITH A ROAR OF ROCKET TUBES,  
THE SHIP RISES INTO SPACE...

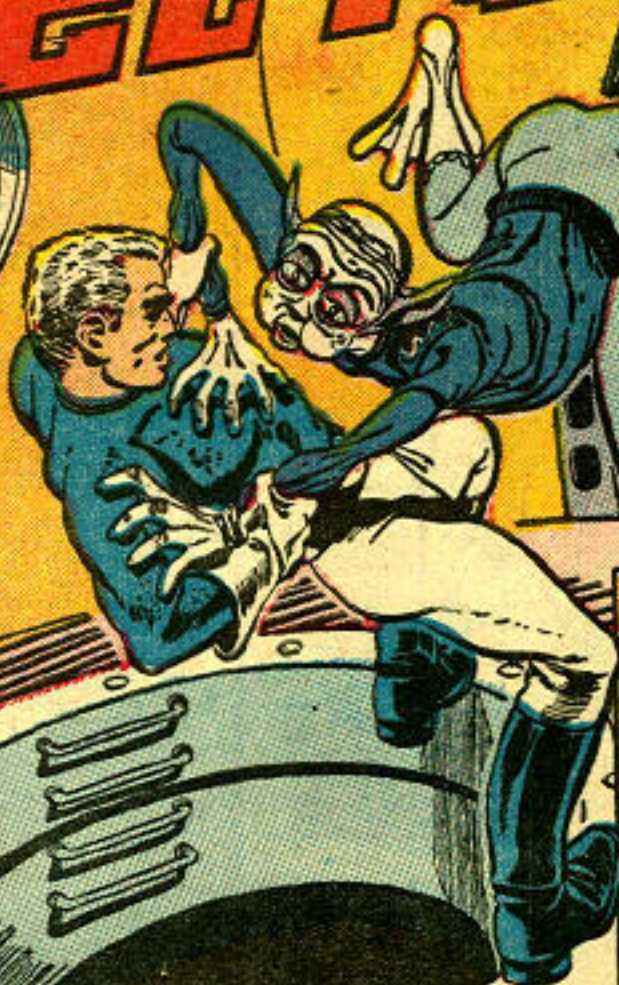
AFTER I SELL THE POWER-GLOBE,  
I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN SPACE—  
BUT THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO BUY  
IS A **STEAK!** AFTER THREE DAYS  
HERE... I'M STARVED!



THE  
END



# Jet Powers



FOR UNTOLD AGES, OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR IN SPACE, THE PLANET MARS HAS WHIRLED AROUND THE SUN. AT TIMES, MARS IS LESS THAN FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY. OUR GREATEST TELESCOPES HAVE STUDIED THE RED PLANET—NEVER LEARNING WHETHER MARS HAS LIFE ON ITS RED DESERTS OR NOT—

BUT THERE IS LIFE ON MARS, LIFE THAT IS FIGHTING FOR ITS VERY FUTURE AS HORDES OF INTER-PLANETARY VANDALS ATTACK HER LAST CITADELS! AND IT IS TO MARS THAT JET POWERS COMES, JUST IN TIME TO WELCOME A VICTIM OF—

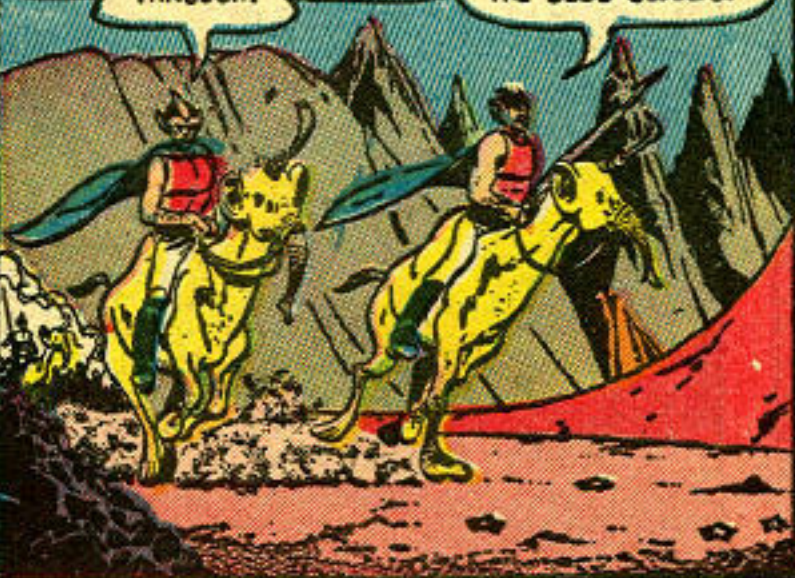
**"THE INTERPLANETARY WAR!"**

*Powers*

IN THE SUMMER MONTHS, THE TWIN POLAR CAPS OF MARS MELT THEIR MOUNTAIN SNOWS TO FLOOD THE CANALS WITH TUMBLING WATER. BUT IN WINTER THE CANALS ARE HARD AND FROZEN...

THANK KUHULAN THE TERRIBLE THAT THE FLOODS HAVE NOT COME THROUGH!

AI— ELSE WE'D NEVER GET THROUGH THE SLUG GUARDS!



HO, THE WARDERS! LET ME IN! 'TIS BAN TAL, YOUR KING, WHO CALLS IN THE DUSK! I COME FROM THEIRUT WITH ~~SPESKE~~, YOUR QUEEN! OPEN UP!





IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SOLIS LACUS, STAND THE GREAT STONE RAMPARTS OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES, AND IN THE ROYAL CHAMBERS—

ROS COV IS HAPPY TO SEE YOUR HIGHNESS SAFE! EVERYWHERE ELSE ON MARS, THE WHITE SLUG PEOPLE HAVE WON OUT!

ONLY YOU AND YOUR WONDROUS SCIENCES KEEP THE SLUGS FROM HERE, ROS COV!



IT IS THE HEAT-BEAM THAT KEEPS THEM AT A DISTANCE. I HAVE CAPTURED THE ENERGY OF THE SUN IN MY SOLAR DYNAMOS—AND WHEN I DIRECT THAT AWFUL POWER IN A SHEET OF TRANSPARENCY AROUND SOLIS LACUS, NOTHING CAN GET THROUGH!



THE SLUG PEOPLE LEARNED OF IT FIRST WHEN THEIR SPACECRAFT RAMMED ITS BLISTERING BARRIER...



THEY TRIED FOOT SOLDIERS, TOO, BUT SOON GAVE THAT UP...



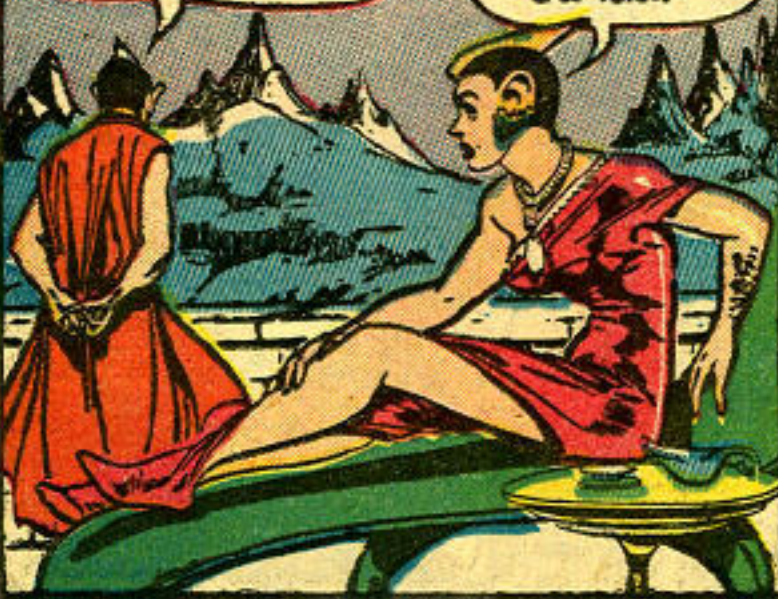
WE CAN HOLD OUT FOREVER! GOOD!

NO, SIRE—WE CANNOT! SOON THE POWER OF MY SOLAR DYNAMOS WILL FAIL. HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS I CAN GET NO URANIUM TO FEED THE MOTORS!



HE GIVES US TWO MONTHS, BESSILE. TWO MONTHS—BEFORE THE SLUGS OVERUN US!

IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO? NOWHERE WE CAN TURN?



THE SLUGS COME FROM THE WATER WORLD! PERHAPS THERE ARE OTHERS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM WHO ARE INTELLIGENT, WHO CAN HELP US. TRY ROS COV! TRY!



PROLOGUE: VENUS



ON EARTH, SOME DAYS LATER, IN A CHAMBER OF  
JET POWERS' MESA LABORATORIES...

THOSE HIGH-FREQUENCY  
SIGNALS... ALWAYS THE SAME  
... SO MONOTONOUS... ALMOST  
— MADDENING...!

BEEP-DAT-DAT...  
BEEP-DAT-DAT...

MONOTONOUS, YES!  
BUT AS INSISTENT AS—  
**SOS SIGNALS!**  
THEY FORM THE SAME  
PATTERNS OVER AND OVER.  
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO  
**COMMUNICATE**  
WITH US...!

BUT YOU SAID— THEY  
CAME FROM **SPACE**  
ITSELF...!

FROM MY CALCULATIONS BY  
TRIANGULATING THEM, I'D  
SWEAR THEY COME  
FROM— **MARS!**

**MARS!**  
WITH ITS  
STRANGE  
CANALS, ITS  
SNOW-COVERED POLAR  
CAPS! BUT— BUT  
THERE'S **NO LIFE**  
ON MARS!

WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT! AFTER ALL,  
EVEN THE "**BIG EYE**" AT MOUNT PALOMAR ISN'T  
ABLE TO SHOW US MUCH MORE THAN GROUND  
FORMATIONS!

THOSE SIGNALS COME IN CLEARLY  
OVER THE JANSKY RADIATION<sup>2</sup>. THEY  
MUST MEAN THAT SOMEONE ON  
MARS IS SIGNALLING US. I'M  
TAKING THE "**STARLIGHT**" UP,  
SU SHAN!

**STRAPPED IN HIS  
GYROSCOPIC TAKEOFF  
CAVITY, JET THROWS  
THE SWITCH THAT ACTI-  
VATES THE POWERFUL  
ANTI-GRAVITY BEAMS.  
A TWIST OF A DIAL  
WARNS THE JET  
ROCKET TAKEOFF  
TUBES. FOR AN IN-  
STANT, THE GREAT SLEEK  
NEEDLE POISES ON ITS  
RED ROCKET-BLASTS,  
THEN MOUNTS  
SLOWLY SKYWARD...**

**TWO DAYS LATER, JET'S SHIP IS WHIRLING  
PAST DEIMOS, OUTERMOST OF THE TWO  
MOONS OF MARS...**

IF MY RADARTECTOR  
ISN'T HAVING A FIT, I'LL LAND PLUMB  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A WHOLE HOST OF  
MARTIANS! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE  
DRAWN UP, WAITING FOR ME!

ED. NOTE: RADIO RADIATIONS COMING  
FROM OUTER SPACE, PICKED UP FOR MANY  
YEARS BY EARTH'S RECEIVING SETS.



IT IS NOT  
ONE OF OUR  
SPACESHIPS!

THE MARTIANS  
DO NOT TRAVEL  
THE INTERPLANETARY  
PATHS!

WE MUST BE  
CAUTIOUS! TELL  
HIM—TELL HIM WE  
NEED HELP!



HE IS NO MARTIAN!...  
LAST, PREPARE THE  
LODESTONE-METAL BOMB!  
HIDE IT IN HIS SHIP  
WHEN HE IS NOT  
LOOKING!

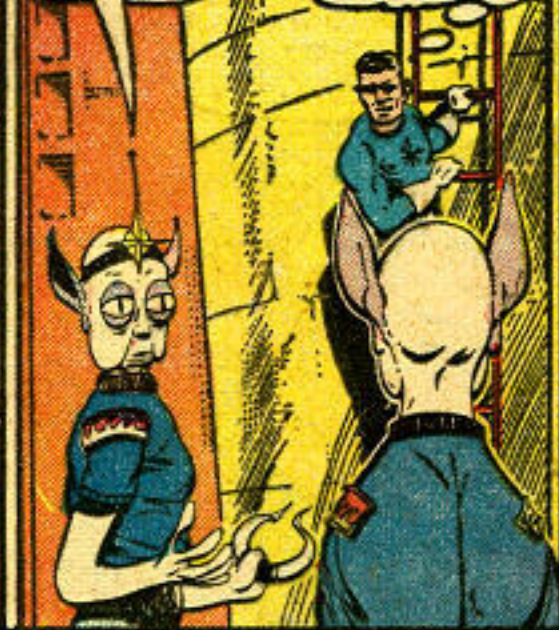
LISTEN TO  
HIM JABBER!  
GUESS HE'S  
GIVING ME  
A SPEECH OF  
WELCOME!

WITH THE MENTOSET,  
YOU CAN CATCH THE  
ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS  
OF MY THOUGHTS.  
UNLIKE LANGUAGE  
THESE MENTAL  
VIBRATIONS ARE  
UNIVERSAL, AND YOU  
WILL UNDERSTAND  
ME...

SAY,  
I DO  
GET  
YOU  
AT THAT!  
THIS IS  
REALLY  
SOME-  
THING!

I CAUGHT YOUR  
SIGNALS, BACK ON  
EARTH. FUNNY,  
I ASSUMED  
THEY WERE A  
CALL FOR  
HELP!

THAT'S JUST  
WHAT THEY  
WERE! WE ARE  
FIGHTING A  
BATTLE FOR  
SURVIVAL. WE  
NEED ALL THE HELP  
WE CAN GET!...ER—  
THE ENEMY HAS A FORCE  
FIELD ERECTED. WE  
CAN'T BREAK IT DOWN!



AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU VERY  
MUCH! ON EARTH, WE DON'T  
HAVE ANY SUCH THING. BUT  
IF YOU COME ALONG TO THE  
STARLIGHT, I CAN MAKE TESTS  
OF IT IN MY LABORATORY.



AS JET WORKS OVER THERMAL  
COUPLERS AND INTERROGATOR  
RAYS, HE WHIRLS IN ASTONISHMENT

BEEP-DAT-DAT... WHAT IN THUNDER!  
BEEP-DAT-DAT... THOSE SIGNALS—  
STILL COMING IN!  
HEY, IT'S JUST  
BEGINNING TO DAWN  
ON ME! I LANDED IN  
THE WRONG  
PLACE!!



YOU LANDED IN THE  
RIGHT PLACE—FOR US,  
THE FLEEBS! YOU HAVE  
MUCH SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT  
WE ARE NOT FAMILIAR  
WITH! WE WILL TAKE  
IT OVER...

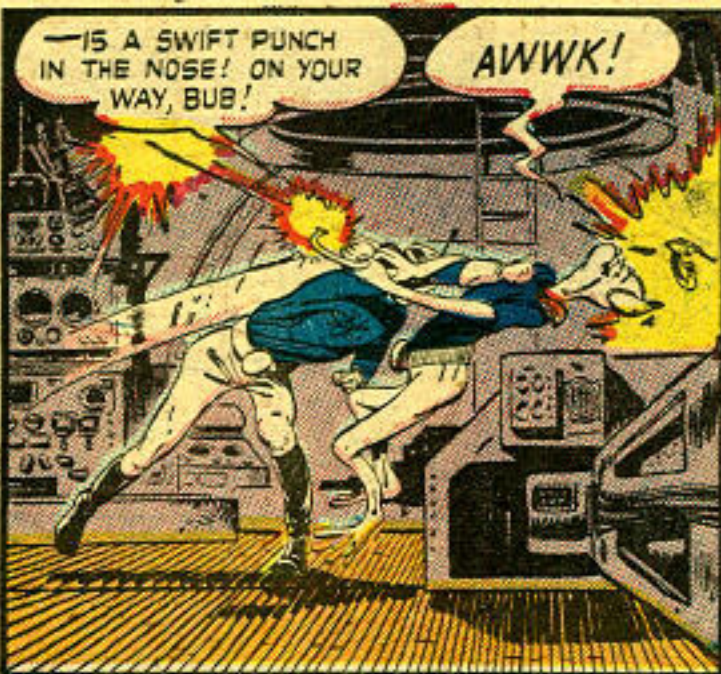
THE  
ONLY  
THING  
YOU'RE  
GOING  
TO  
TAKE  
OVER—





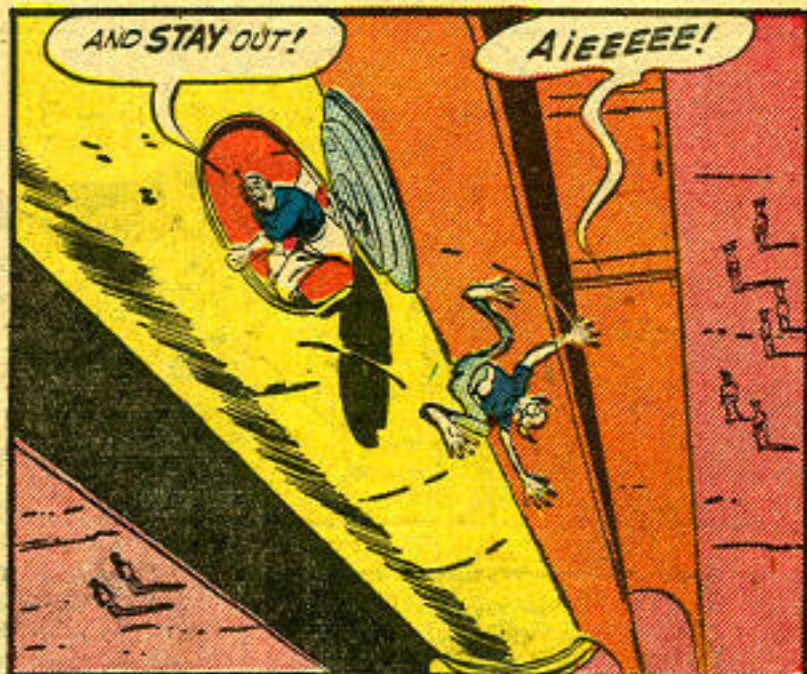
—IS A SWIFT PUNCH  
IN THE NOSE! ON YOUR  
WAY, BUB!

AWWK!



AND STAY OUT!

AIEEEEE!



HE WON'T GET FAR, NOT  
WITH THAT LODESTONE-METAL  
**BOMB** WE PLANTED  
IN HIS SHIP!

AND EVEN IF HE  
DETECTS *THAT*  
THE MARTIANS'  
**HEAT BEAM**  
WILL BLAST HIM TO  
CINDERS WHEN HE  
TOUCHES IT!



SAFEST THING FOR ME IS TO  
GO UP INTO THE IONOSPHERE, AND  
CIRCLE THE PLANET. THAT WAY, I  
CAN SINGLE OUT THE MARTIAN  
ENCAMPMENT AND LAND THERE!



STOWED AWAY OUT OF EARSHOT,  
THE LODESTONE-METAL **BOMB**  
CLICKS ON, STEADILY...

CLICK!

CLICK!

CLICK!



HIGHER ROCKETS THE **STAR-  
LIGHT**, A METAL COFFIN THAT  
CARRIES DEATH UP INTO MARS'  
THIN OUTER ATMOSPHERE...



HEY! DOWN THERE...IN THOSE  
ROCKY CRAGS—BUILDINGS! I'LL  
BET A COOKIE THAT'S WHERE  
THE MARTIANS HAVE HOLED  
UP!

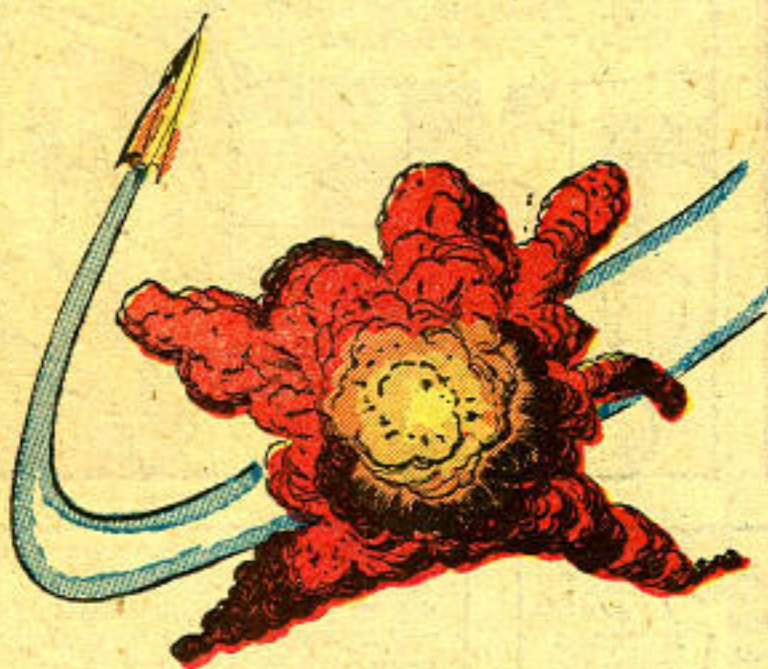




MY COMPASS NEEDLES—  
GOING HAYWIRE! BUT THE  
SHIP IS INSULATED AGAINST  
THE MAGNETIC TUG OF A  
PLANET'S POLES! WHATEVER  
CAUSES IT, MUST BE *INSIDE*  
THE SHIP...!

SHADES OF GUY FAWKES—  
A *BOMB!* A FLEEB BOMB!  
THE REACTOR NEEDLE IS  
DEAD ON—*EXPLOSION!*

ONLY HOPE AND PRAY—IT  
GOES OFF—*OUTSIDE!*



*WHEWWW!* THAT WAS ALMOST TOO  
MUCH, FOR THE STEEL-AND-TITANIUM WALLS  
OF THE *STARLIGHT*, EVEN, TO TAKE AND STILL  
HOLD TOGETHER!

GOT HER STRAIGHTENED OUT...  
JUST IN TIME! NOW TO DROP DOWN  
INTO THOSE MOUNTAINS AND BUZZ  
THE *REAL* MARTIANS!

AT INCREASING VELOCITY, JET HURLS HIS SHIP  
THROUGH THE THIN AIR OF ANCIENT MARS  
TOWARD THE BARRIER OF HEAT!

WON'T BE LONG,  
NOW!

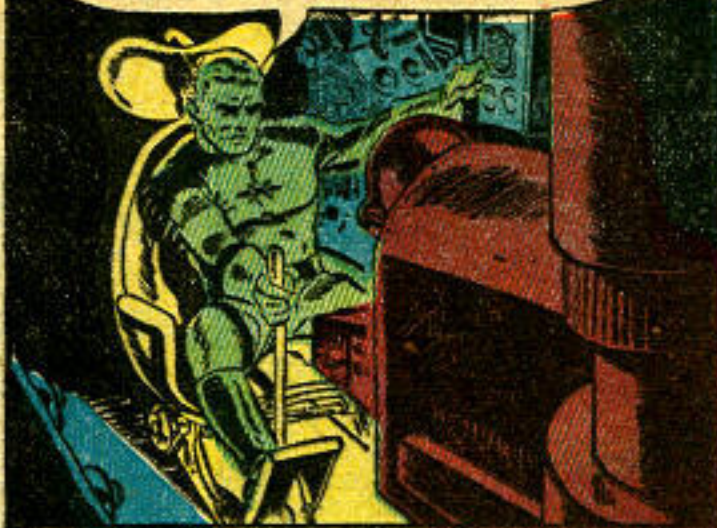


AS JET'S HAND THROWS HIS ACCELERATOR-THROTTLE OVER TO FULL SPEED, HIS EYES ARE DRAWN TOWARD A TINY VIAL OF WATER —

WATER BOILING! BUT THERE'S NO HEAT... SUNLIGHT ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH...



WHATEVER IT IS—I'M TAKING NO CHANCES! I'LL MAKE A FULL STOP! PUT ON ANTI-GRAVITY BEAMS AT FULL TO HOLD THE SHIP MOTIONLESS...!



THAT BEAM IS HOT—NOT AS THE **SUN**, ALMOST! BUT WHERE IN THE NAME OF SPACE IS IT COMING FROM? UNLESS—SURE! THE FLEEB'S SAID THE MARTIANS HAD A **FORCE-SCREEN!** IT MUST BE HOT AS **ANTARES!**



SOME MILES FROM THE MOTIONLESS SPACESHIP, IN THE CASTLES OF THE BELEAGUED MARTIANS...

LOOK! OUR OWN SIGNALS! REPEATED TWICE, THEN TWICE MORE! SOME ONE HAS HEARD THEM — IS **RESPONDING!**

THANK MALNA!



IT'S A SPACESHIP! NOT A **FLEEB** DESIGN!

IT'S THE HELP WE CALLED FOR! LIFT THE HEAT-BEAM! LET HIM COME THROUGH! PRAISE BE TO MALNA!



HOURS LATER...

THAT IS OUR PROBLEM. WE WILL SOON RUN OUT OF FUEL, AND OUR HEAT-BEAM SHIELD WILL COME DOWN. THEN THE SLUGS WILL OVER-RUN ALL MARS!

AND AFTER MARS, THE EARTH!

ACCORDING TO YOU, THE FLEEB—OR SLUGS—COME FROM VENUS. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF TRAPPING THEM!



THE HEAT-BEAM COULD BE TURNED INTO A HEATRAY, BUT WOULD ONLY KILL A FEW BEFORE THE FLEEB ATOM BOMBS BLASTED YOUR CASTLES TO CINDERS! NO, THERE MUST BE ANOTHER USE FOR THAT SOLAR POWER IN YOUR FORCE-SHIELD DYNAMOS — **HEY! I GOT IT!**





EVERY PLANET HAS A MAGNETIC CURRENT CONSTANTLY IN MOTION AROUND IT. THIS MAGNETIC FIELD CAN BE **TAPPED**—IF WE HAVE A POWER UNIT STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB! YOUR SOLAR ENERGY DYNAMOS ARE THAT STRONG—SO WE'LL TAP IT!



UNDER JET'S DIRECTION, THE SOLAR ENERGY DYNAMOS ARE ALTERED, TO CONNECT BY FEEDER CABLES TO GIANT ANTENNAE...

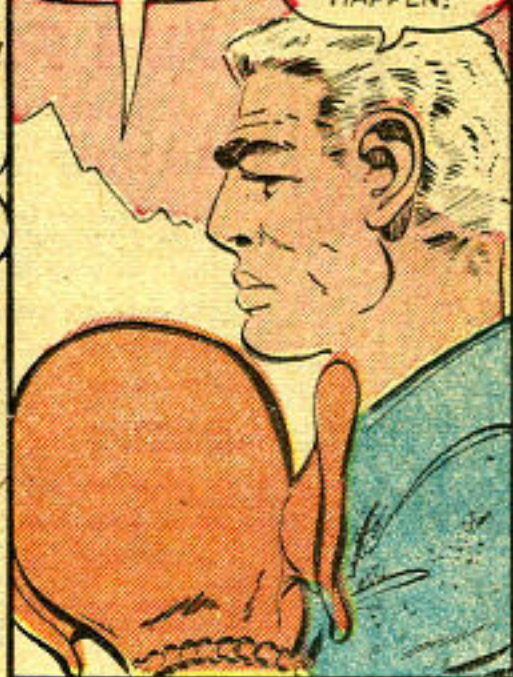


THOSE METAL TOWERS WILL PULL AT THE MAGNETIC FLUX, WARP IT INTO A FIELD OF TERRIFIC POWER!

BUT...I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF WE USE THE SOLAR ENERGY DYNAMOS FOR THAT—OUR HEAT-BEAM SHIELD WILL DIS-INTEGRATE!

THE SLUGS WILL SEE OUR BARRIER GO DOWN, AND—**ATTACK US!**

EXACTLY! IT'S JUST WHAT I **WANT** TO HAPPEN!

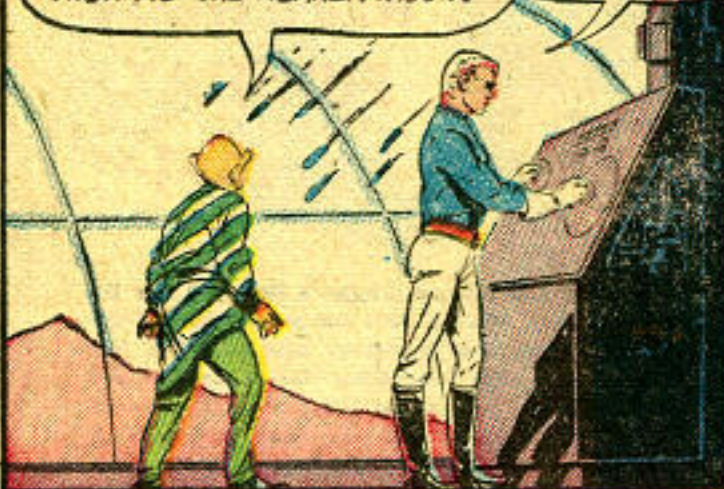


LESS THAN FIVE HOURS AFTER THE HEAT-BEAM GOES DOWN—

**THEY COME!**

SHADES OF KUHULAIN THE TERRIBLE! WE'LL BE BLOWN AS HIGH AS THE NEARER MOON!

NO, WE WON'T—**WATCH!**



FOR AN INSTANT AFTER JET THROWS OVER HIS LEVER, NOTHING HAPPENS. AND THEN—WITH THE HIGH-ANGLED WHINE OF TORTURED METALS—THE FLEEB SHIPS TEAR APART IN MIDAIR...!



UNDER THE STUPENDOUS TUG OF MAGNETIC FORCES HARNESSSED AND AMPLIFIED BY THE SOLAR ENERGY DYNAMOS, EVERY BIT OF FLEEB METAL DISINTEGRATES!

OUR SHIPS—**TURNED INTO DUST!**

EVERY ONE OF US WILL BE **KILLED ON THE ROCKS BELOW!**



THE FLEEBs USE A **LODSTONE** METAL. IT IS HIGHLY **MAGNETIC**, AND SO EXTREMELY SUSCEPTIBLE TO MAGNETIC FLUXES. IT WAS SO MAGNETIC ITS BOMB METAL TURNED MY COMPASS NEEDLES **CRAZY!**

THE SLUGS—**ALL DEAD!** NOW MARS... WILL BE FREE AGAIN FROM DREAD. THEY WILL SEND NO MORE ARMADAS ACROSS SPACE. THEY KNOW WE NOW HAVE A WEAPON EQUAL TO ANY OF THEIRS...





# Space Ace



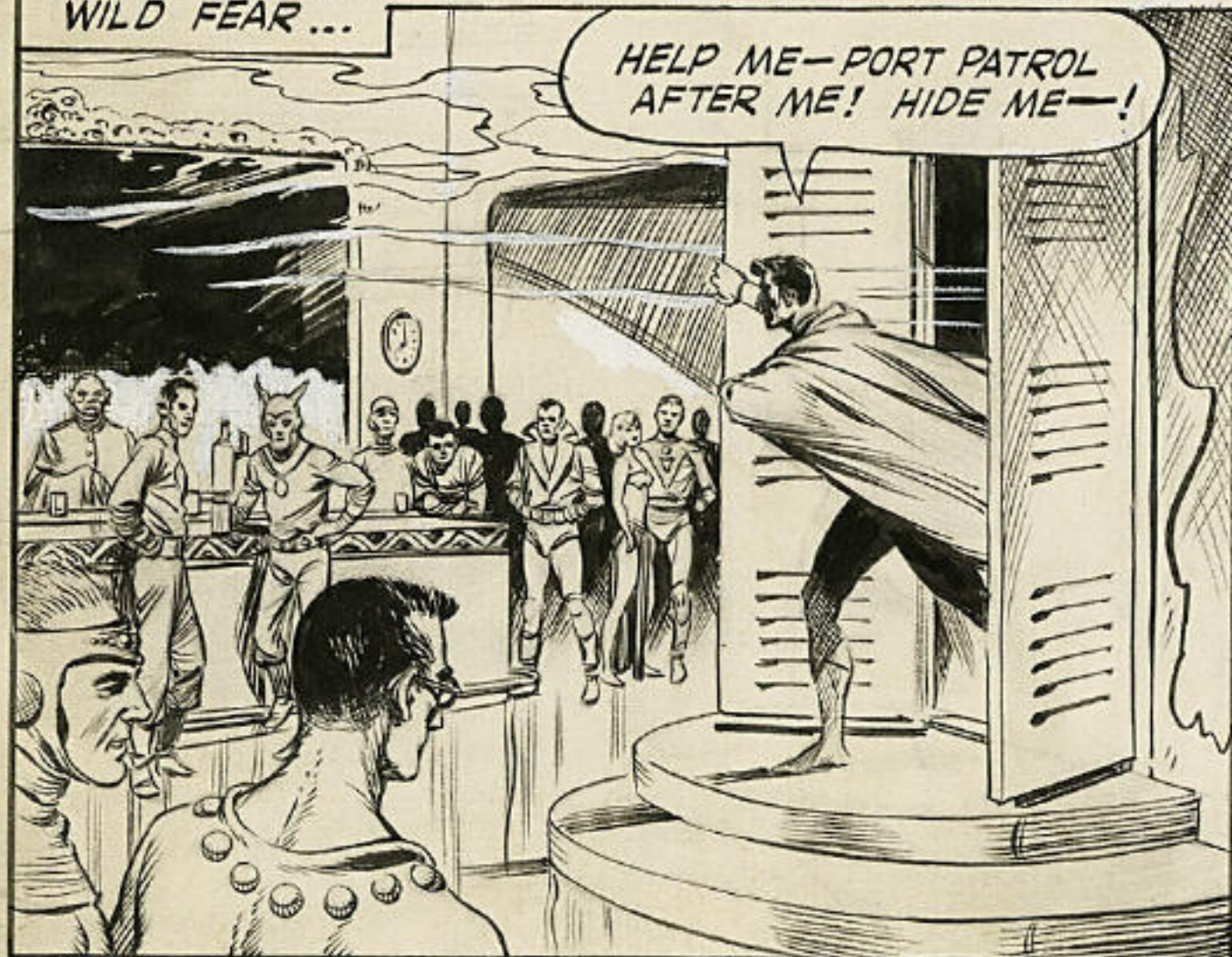
**T**HE DANGER SPOTS OF SPACE ARE MANY, AND VARIED. A MAN CAN LOSE HIS LIFE IN A PORTSIDE TAVERN OR OUT IN THE BLACK REACHES OF OUTER SPACE—GAMBLING HIS EXISTENCE FOR A FORTUNE WORTH A PLANET! THIS WAS THE WAY DEATH CAME AND GRINNED AT SPACE ACE, WHO RAN THE GAUNTLET OF A SPRAY OF **EXPLOSIRAYS** TO FIND—

**"THE NOTHING WEAPON!"**

FOR DANIEL GIFFORD WITH BEST WISHES — AL WILLIAMS

**T**HE SWINGING GLASS DOORS OF A PORTSIDE TAVERN ON TITAN CRASH OPEN AS A MAN CRIES OUT HOARSELY IN WILD FEAR...

HELP ME—PORT PATROL  
AFTER ME! HIDE ME—!



TOO LATE! THEY'VE SEEN ME!  
**AAAAAGGGHHH!**

